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COME ON!



# A Field Glass for the Yacht Race

or for Touring, Racing, Hunting.  
A Companion Worth Having.

Money can not buy a finer piece of optical work. The extreme of Lightness, Compactness, Elegance and Utility.



Used by the armies and navies of the great nations.

AT ALL DEALERS

Manufactured  
by



**Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.**

Incorporated  
1866

New York

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Chicago

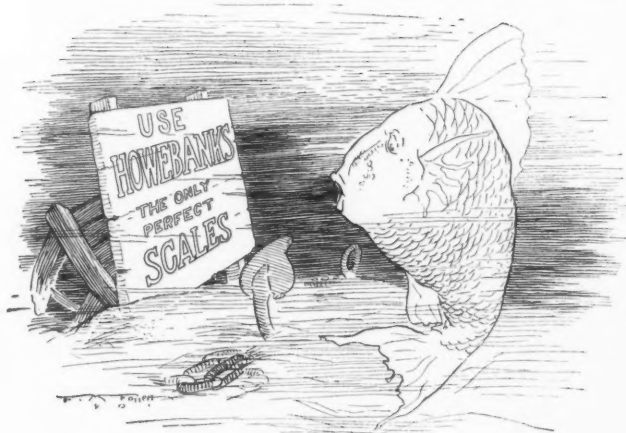
*Envoite  
Lackawanna Route  
John H. Martineau  
Hoffmann House  
New York  
My Dear Martineau  
This is the smoothest  
Railroad I ever rode on  
When Mrs. Cook comes West  
send her via  
Lackawanna Route  
W. D. Boddy*

**Lackawanna  
Railroad**

This letter was written on a Lackawanna Railroad train traveling sixty miles an hour. The regularity of the hand writing testifies to the wonderful smoothness of the road-bed.

POPULAR PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION LINE between New York and Buffalo, with daily through cars between New York and Chicago, New York and St. Louis. Tickets and reservations at 429 and 1158 Broadway, New York; 259 Main Street, Buffalo; 108 Adams Street, Chicago; Fifth and Olive Streets, St. Louis. The Lackawanna Railroad presents unexcelled locations and opportunities for industries and manufactories. General Office, 26 Exchange Place, New York City.

# LIFE



DOES ADVERTISING PAY?

**CONDUCTOR** (to intoxicated individual on the Elevated):  
What station do you want?

**INTOXICATED INDIVIDUAL:** What—(hic)—stations have you got?



**Madame Leopard:** GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?  
"ONLY CHANGING MY SPOTS, MOTHER DEAR."



"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

## Let's Keep It Up!

**THAT** man got his deserts the other day who was dragged from his truck by an angry crowd for beating his horse. Good for the crowd! Such brutes are not very common in this country, and LIFE was glad to hear that he was roughly treated before being taken in hand by the police. It seems his overladen horse fell three times on Broadway, and each time he fell the driver beat him without mercy. And when disgusted bystanders climbed up and jerked this driver from his seat and gave him a first-class hammering, he was badly frightened and yelled for mercy.

That was a good crowd.

## Quite Proper.

**ORTHODOX MOTHER:** Ethel! How many times must I tell you it is *wicked* to pick flowers on the Sabbath?

**ETHEL:** But, mother, I'm only picking real Sabbath ones — Adam's-thread-and-needle, Timothy, Solomon's-seal and Jack-in-the-pulpit!



"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXVIII. AUGUST 22, 1901. No. 981.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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CONSIDERING all the hard things that can be said about a trust, and the natural prejudice against persons who own steam yachts and give evidence of having surplus money, the attitude of the public towards the steel company in its fight with the strikers has been remarkable. At this writing the issue of the strike cannot be foretold, but a great preponderance of printed opinion favors Mr. Schwab as against Mr. Shaffer. It is believed, not only that Mr. Schwab's side is going to win, but that it ought to win; and that, at this time, a victory for Schwab will be best, not only for the steel company and its shareholders, but for the country at large, and even for the steel workers, many of whom seem already to realize that it is best sometimes to let well enough alone. The general sentiment about labor organization seems to be that just about enough of it is a good thing, and that too much of it is mighty dangerous. We would all like to see the Steel Trust controlled by an all-wise power that would always do the right thing at the right time. That aspiration is not likely to be realized at once, but it seems, unmistakably, to be the opinion of the majority of observers that a nearer approximation to realizing it can be made by Mr. Schwab, with the help of Mr. Morgan, than can reasonably be expected from Mr. Shaffer.

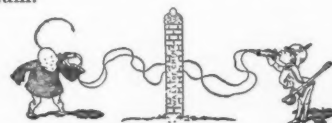


BUT it has been a pity to have the fight. To most of us who look on to have the Trust beat the Amalgamated Association seems not a good thing in itself, but merely the better of two evils. Labor organization cannot be stopped, and ought not to be. It is a useful check on capital. But it needs a check itself. There ought always to be a refuge for men who won't join unions, nor submit to union tyranny. There ought to be a chance for non-union workers, and if the Steel Trust did not see to it that a chance was saved for them in the steel business it would turn its back both on its interest and on its duty. Very likely the steel magnates have too much power, but there is no doubt at all that the labor masters would have far too much power if they had the steel magnates, and all the steel workers, and the whole steel industry, under their thumbs. Labor leaders have never shown themselves fit to be trusted with such power as that. They have had immense power in England, and most of us know how they have used it, and with what consequences to British industry and trade.



IT is impossible not to admire the success of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in sustaining the pressure of large means. He is very rich, and great riches bring great care, but Mr. Carnegie seems not merely equal to his fate, but fairly the master of it. He shows all the signs of a man who is having the time of his life. Wherever he goes he is able to diffuse the impression that he is having fun. We read of him at his castle of Skibo, making sport for his tenants and entering into it successfully himself. The University of Aberdeen has offered to make him Lord Rector. If he accepts he will have to make a speech. Probably he will accept, and if he makes the speech the chances are that he will say a good deal that is worth hearing.

It was given out the other day that he had now only twenty-eight million dollars left which he was anxious to give away, and intending donees were advised to apply promptly, but there is no assurance that he will stop giving when he has parted with that sum.



IF it is true, as was lately asserted, that General Gribski, Russian Governor of Blagovestchensk, killed himself on July 14th, his act was a very graceful and unexpected concession to public sentiment. It was by his orders that five thousand Chinese were driven into the Amur River by Cossacks at the time of the Boxer rebellion, to the great scandal of Christendom. It is said that this prodigious slaughter was due to a misunderstanding of telegraphic orders, but all that is vague and uncertain. If, however, General Gribski has really killed himself, it will be interpreted to indicate that his zeal was criticised at St. Petersburg, and that even the hide of the Russian bear is not so thick as to be impervious to the shafts of public opinion.



THE judicious are not inclined to commend the project of several persons in Sydney, N. Y., to give a loving-cup to Admiral Cervera, in recognition of all the qualities that made him so popular in this country. The general practice of giving loving-cups is overdone, and might profitably be restricted nowadays by requiring every intending donor to take out a license. Loving-cups, as a rule, are not useful. They are too big to drink out of and not big enough to make good coal scuttles. They are apt to be a trial to subscribers who have to pay for them, and to the victims who receive them. The chance that a loving-cup from Sydney, N. Y., would embarrass Admiral Cervera is too probable to be risked. Go slow, citizens of Sydney. At least make sure that the Admiral is willing to receive your cup before you send it.



IN H.D.S.

"EXCUSE ME, IS HIS MAJESTY IN?"

Clerk: NO, SIR. HE'S IN NEW YORK.

"WHEN DO YOU EXPECT HIM BACK?"

"WE DON'T EXPECT HIM BACK."

### Life's Personal Column.



**J**OSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is working night and day on his great work, "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire."

Prof. Moore, of the Weather Bureau, has returned from his

vacation. We missed you, Professor, as we didn't know whom not to believe in.

Chauncey Depew denies that he is to be married. Whenever he proposes, he always forgets himself, and turns it into an after-dinner speech. Chauncey, you are a lady killer!

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is writing a book on the future of Vice-Presidents. It consists of a preface, introduction and about four hundred blank pages.

Nicholas II. of Russia is advertising for a boy. One who lives with his parents preferred, and a bad job guaranteed, with promise of future gain.

Admiral Schley, of the Navy, and the Rev. John Keller, of Arlington have taken an apartment together for the fall and winter where they can sympathize with each other.

It is said that the Hon. Richard Croker will hereafter live permanently in New York, where he can exercise a more personal supervision over his business interests.

Russell Sage has just paid a bill of eight cents for repairs on his suspenders. Don't be a dude, Uncle.

Winston Churchill, the historical novelist, is busy on an article for a popular magazine on "How to Write Down to the Public."

J. M. Barrie is writing a short story for *Scribner's*. It will appear in the next thirty issues.

Francis Wilson has sent his legs to an elocutionist in the hope of adding some new expressions to their *répertoire*.

The name of William J. Bryan is being prominently mentioned as among the coming Presidential impossibilities.

Major McKinley is hard at work on his annual sermon. The text will be taken from the first epistle to the Philippines.

"SPONGER says he can drink any number of cocktails."

"Any given number, you mean."

## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,994.61
Elsie Hopestill Butler and Eleanor G. Butler.....	3.00
Miss Eden Frothingham.....	10.00
Vivian and Elaine Sauvage.....	10.00
Cash.....	3.00
G. V. C.....	2.00
Cash.....	80.00
Mrs. L. A. Cerf.....	3.00
C. E. S. Wood.....	5.00
Art Student.....	3.00
T. A. W.....	50.00
Barbara and Betty Brown.....	18.00
B. L.....	5.00
Jack and Maggie.....	6.00
J. S.....	100.00
Three Little Providence Boys.....	6.00
Little Caroline Porter.....	2.00
J. S. R.....	5.00
	\$7,305.61

THE new plan of transporting the Fresh-Air children from South Norwalk to LIFE'S Farm at Branchville pleases the youngsters amazingly. Formerly they were brought up on the cars. Now each consignment is loaded into wagons and carryalls at the steamboat dock and brought up overland, giving them a sight of the country which many of them never saw before, and they shout and sing all the way up. Another lot, eight wagon loads in all, were brought to the farm, last Friday evening, a moonlight drive which was a novelty to them.

—Ridgefield Press.

## Letters from Life's Farm.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Dear Parents: The weather over here is very cool. The cherries are ripe and we get plenty of them. We go swimming and enjoy the time very much. Hoping all are well at home, I remain,  
Your son, J. Sirovatka.

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Dear Mother: I fell very well and get plenty to eat. We have to go to bed 8 o'clock and have to get up at 6.30 o'clock. We arrived here at 9 o'clock we have plenty of fun and we bath every day

LIFE'S FARM, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

Dear John: I hope you and you and your family are well. I am having a fine time. If you see Elsie Oehl tell her Gussie said to send some money. Your friend,  
JULY 14. Joe.

## Not Unusual.

MAY: Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?

BELLE: No. What is it?

"Now that they are married, they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her."

READING an autobiography is a respectable way of listening at the door.



A History of the Four Georges and of William IV., by Justin and Justin Huntly McCarthy, is now complete with the appearance of volumes three and four. It gives a lively and graphic picture of the political conditions and the chief actors in the political drama of these reigns, while both in method and style suggesting the example of Lord Macaulay. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25 each.)

In these days of eager and sympathetic observation of the life of the woods and fields, *Nature Studies in Berkshire* is perhaps a misleading title for John Coleman Adams's descriptions of the lights and shadows and broader vistas of the Berkshire Hills. Mr. Adams, while he is thoroughly competent in his grasp of his subject, is an old-time lover of the country rather than a modern lover of nature, and his style is graceful and scholarly. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)



*The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore* is intended as a study of the sailors of the English Navy, but the subject is treated in a very haphazard way. The book is by the Rev. G. Good-enough and savors strongly of a missionary report. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.)

E. F. Benson has, in his last book, *The Luck of the Vails*, attempted a Wilkie Collins-

like romance of murder and mystery. The story is entertaining, but does not compare with *Dodo* or *The Princess Sophia*. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Etidorhpa*, by John Uri Lloyd, is a strange mixture of sense and nonsense. The story, a new *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, is a disappointing anti-climax, but the philosophical discussions, for which the story is but a medium, prove Mr. Lloyd an original and independent thinker. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Charles M. Flandrau's account of a Western boy's first year at Harvard, *The Diary of a Freshman*, is well written. It is recommended to college men with memories. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Way of a Man with a Maid* is neither an edifying nor an interesting way according to Frances Gordon Fane. It begins with a very commonplace romance and ends in morphine and a welcome silence. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

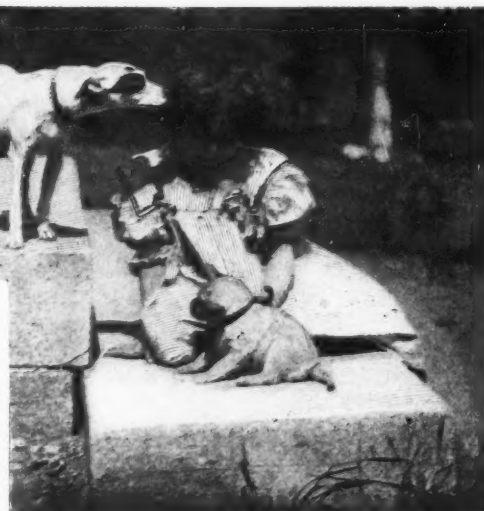
J. B. Kerfoot.

PROFESSOR DABNEY: Ah, well, love is blind.

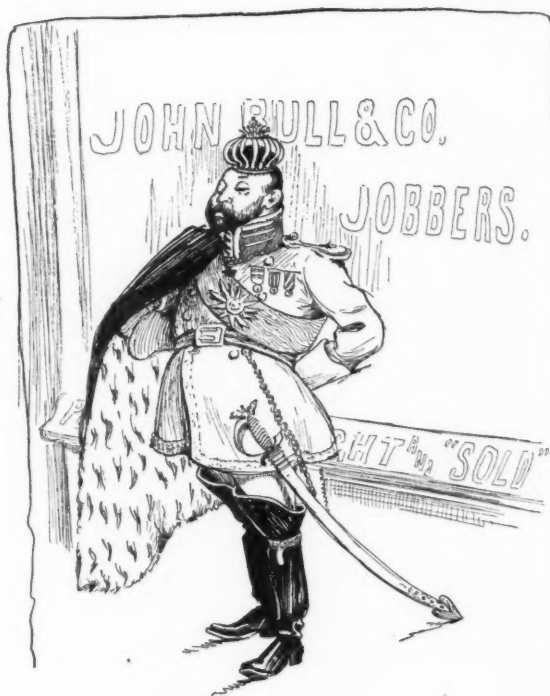
MISS PENELOPE: Oh, no, Professor, love isn't blind—it is cross-eyed; it sees a lot of things it doesn't see, and it doesn't see a lot of things it ought to see.

MRS. HATTERSON: Are those people who have moved next door to you well-bred?

MRS. CALLERSON: Oh, yes. They answered all my questions and never asked me one about myself.



AT LIFE'S FARM.  
ON THE FRONT STEPS.

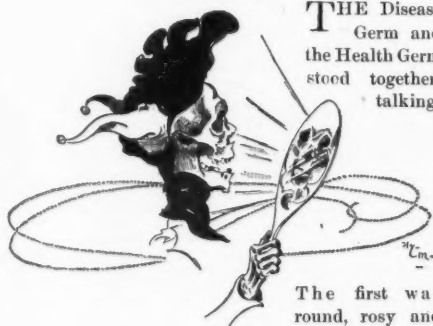


SUGGESTION TO THE BRITISH TAXPAYER.

Why pay \$10,000,000 a year for **THIS**,

When we can supply **THIS** for \$20 a month?

### Catching Health.



**T**HE Disease Germ and the Health Germ stood together, talking.

The first was round, rosy and seemed in love

with life; the second was equally round and rosy, but had not such a joyous countenance.

In the midst of the conversation the Disease Germ pursed up his lips and began to whistle the air, once so popular: "They're after me, they're after me, to capture me is every one's desire—" then he broke off to say, "Catch on to that? Our family have

adopted that as their motto, and a very good one it is, to be sure!"

"It seems to be a true one," said the Health Germ, half humbly, half enviously; "most people seem bent on capturing you; all the doctors and scientists, for instance, and those who *don't* seem to want you, you have no trouble in rounding up and capturing for yourself. You are really very catching!"

The Disease Germ swelled out his chest and threw back his head in a satisfied manner.

"Pretty true! Pretty true!" he admitted, smilingly. "But tell me something about yourself. Business rather dull lately?"

The Health Germ admitted it was.

"Don't understand it," said the other, shaking his head, "something wrong somewhere. Do you advertise?" he concluded, sharply, in a businesslike way.

"Why, no, we rely on our own merits," meekly admitted the Health Germ.

"Pooh! Nonsense!" the other was rude enough to say. "Who cares for merits nowadays? What we want is advertising,

advertising and plenty of it. General advertising and a little personal push will carry you at a bound before the public."

The Health Germ began to look interested.

"Tell me something of your methods," he begged.

The Disease Germ considered the question critically for a moment; but being in an expansive frame of mind, he consented, feeling that he was well established himself and could afford to throw out a few hints to a less-prosperous companion.

"Well, to begin with, people are dead easy, and all you have to do is just work them! Get yourself talked about. Attract their attention. Humbug them. Nothing appeals to them so much as something they can't understand. Keep appearing in strange localities and under different guises. Get them to guessing about you; to wondering as to what you are, why you came, and if you'll come again. Keep them on the jump! Get the doctors, the nervous people and the alarmists on your side. They make splendid advertising agents. Rush a few posters through the press and have them displayed

in conspicuous places. I will give you a few to instance:

WORK  
is going on in the  
BIG TUNNEL.  
LOOK OUT  
for  
MALARIA!!!

"Here's another—it, too, is a good one. I have known it to bring about a rushing business:

CATARRH! COUGHS! COLDS!  
CATCHING NOW.  
BE WARNED IN TIME  
and

Buy a bottle of HUMBUG'S BRAIN-CAJOLER,  
on sale at all druggists.

"Above all, don't overlook the papers. Say, they're great! A regular daisy field. Buy a column every morning. Have it headed, 'SMALLPOX SCARE! eight new cases.' Next day vary it: '*Doctors are uncertain as to whether last case reported was Smallpox, or only German measles. Symptoms most unusual.*' Keep the ball rolling merrily. Never let it leave people's minds. Keep them guessing. Make them so that they never ride in street cars without wondering if a few Germs are doing business there. Keep them out of certain sections of the city. If they go, make them feel as though their chances weren't worth a hoorah! Stir 'em up!"

The Germ was now becoming excited, and his advice flowed forth with increasing rapidity.

"Never let 'em rest a minute. Get 'em on the run! Ah! that's the time you do business," he murmured, in pleased retrospection—then burst out more violently: "Now, there's the Grip. That's a name we owe a heap to in our line. Great name, that! Great stroke of genius! Grip. Catch on? Has you like a vise. Grips your notice. Grips your thoughts. Grips you. Shakes you. Worries you. Drops you. Then you're 'It' for everything else that comes your way. A regular free-lunch counter for the Germ family. We keep all our poor relations in business for a whole winter, after a Grip Germ has opened the way for them. Great name, that! Great name. There's more absolute dismay and depression and concentrated Give-up in those four letters than in the rest of the alphabet put together."

The Germ mopped his face, which was hot with his enthusiasm.

"Ah! That reminds me. We are just advertising now in our new line of Fevers, Chills, Agues and Malarias! Rushing business! We've always been successful so far each season, and I anticipate even larger

results this year. Come along, let's see if our advertisements are out yet," and he dragged the bewildered Health Germ down the street.

They had not far to go.

"There," he exclaimed, pointing with pride to a row of lurid posters. "There's our vanguard. Don't see any of your advertisements, though. You're slow, monstrous slow"—and he poked the Health Germ playfully in the ribs.

The Health Germ sighed. "So it seems," he admitted, "but this method is all so new to me I don't quite take it in. How would you advise me to begin, for instance?"

"Begin?" The Disease Germ waved his arms comprehensively. "Why, every way, everywhere; you have an unlimited field. Get out some posters right away. Engage some good agents. Get the thing started. If you can't make yourself unavoidable, make yourself desirable—those are the two ways to take. Get before the people. Make yourself heard. Be insistent. People have got to look at something, and they've got to listen to something, and if you don't give that something to them, some one else will. There's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"It's all very new and strange to me," murmured the Health Germ, in a disheartened way. "I don't see my way to grasping it all at once. We have always done a good, reliable business, and had nothing to complain of until late years, when all these new-fangled notions got on the market. People knew the goods we kept, and came to us and asked for them. Our things are just as good now, but we don't seem to do the same business."

"Got to get in the game," remarked the Disease Germ, sagaciously, "or the game'll go on without you. Advertising's the thing that does it, mark my words!"

A sudden burst of confidence impelled him. He buttonholed the Health Germ. "I don't mind telling you just on the quiet that our goods are not quite as good as yours—don't give nearly the same satisfaction after you've got them. But it's the advertising does it, and that's all we care about. Try our methods! Talk it up. Post it up. Buy it up. Make it desirable. Get a corner on Health. People will go wild over it. They'll have it at any price."

"Do you really think so?" the Health Germ demanded, much cheered. "I must look into this

matter seriously. I feel we have not been as progressive and up to date in our methods as we might have been. I will take your advice, order some posters at once and engage some agents. How would this read?" he asked, in sudden inspiration:

BARGAIN SALE OF HEALTH.  
OLD RELIABLE ADAM-AND-EVE  
BRAND.  
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN YEAR 1.

Finding our present quarters too small for great increase of business, must dispose of entire stock of HEALTH before moving.

QUICK SALES!  
EASY PAYMENTS!

Notes made payable to Disease Germ Company discounted here.

"Oh! now look here," broke out the Disease Germ, aghast at the way his tip had been applied. "That's not fair, you know."

But the Health Germ only smiled softly. "In love, in war and in advertising all is fair," he remarked, placidly. "Now, goodbye. Thank you so much for your advice."



ENGAGED.



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*She:* I HAVE THE TRUE SOCIAL INSTINCT.  
*"YES. YOU DO GLORY IN DEBT AND DYSPEPSIA."*

I'm just off to put it in operation." And away he went.

"Well! I'm just a plain d——d fool," mourned the Disease Germ to himself. "If that fellow turns out to be a hustler, my business is gone. I won't dare say a word of this to the rest of my firm. Whoever would have thought that old Health Germ, after all these years, would go into the advertising business? Most of these old-established concerns stick out against it—and there's where we have 'em on the hip. Well, it all depends on his agents and his posters. He certainly can make them catching and attractive if he knows how, but"—and he cheered up visibly—"we have Fear on our side, and he's surely the best printer's devil in any one's employ." Taking courage

from this consoling thought, he raised his eyes—only to be staggered by a large sign, in red letters on a yellow background:

**WHY CATCH COLD  
 WHEN YOU CAN CATCH HEALTH?  
 HEALTH IS CATCHING.**

The Health Germ Company has reopened its business after extensive alterations and improvements.

**INSPECTION INVITED.**

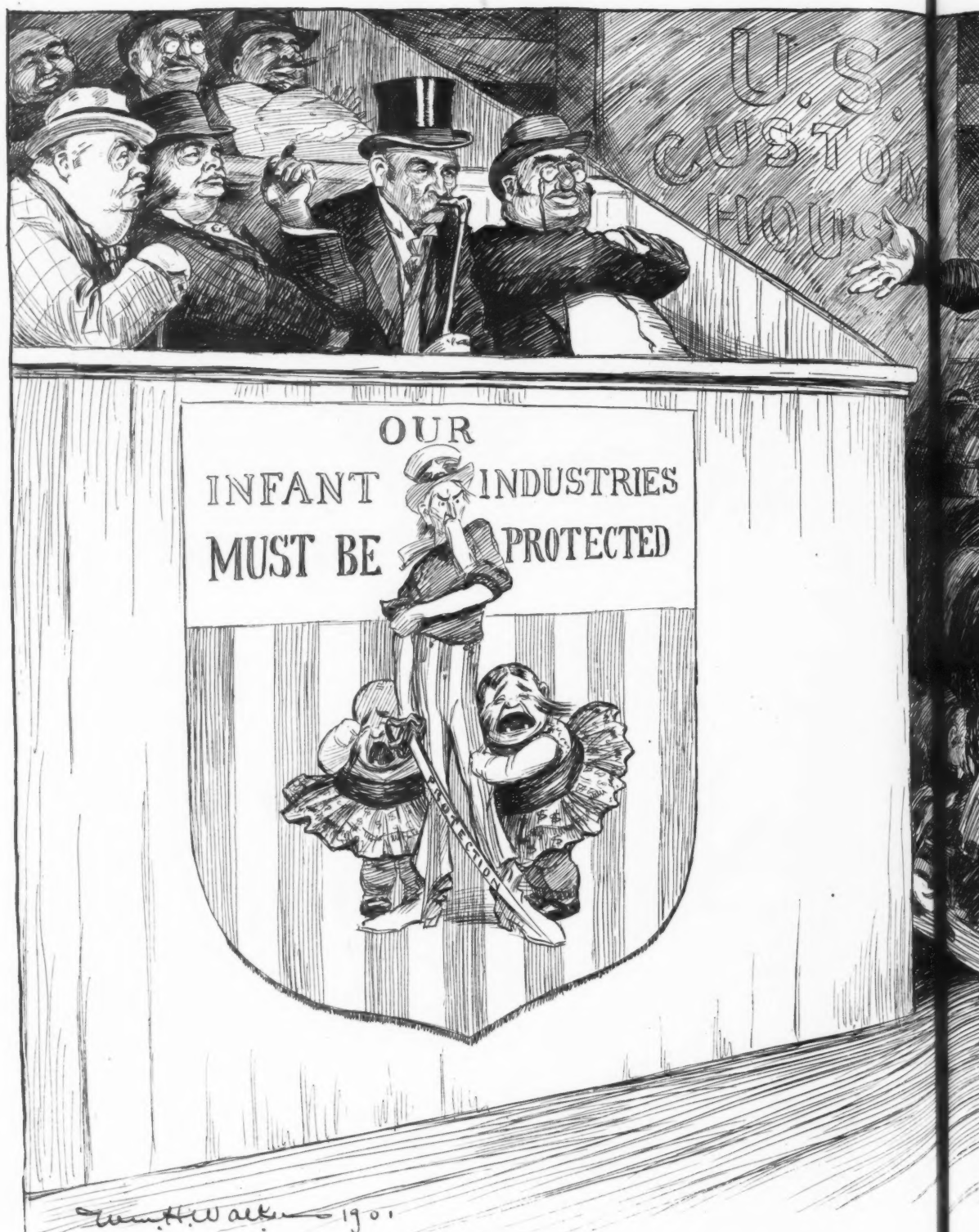
Come to headquarters for information.  
 Shun "Health Office."

"Good gracious!" groaned the Disease Germ, as it burst upon him, "he hasn't lost any time. I see my finish!"

*E. K. C. Gause.*

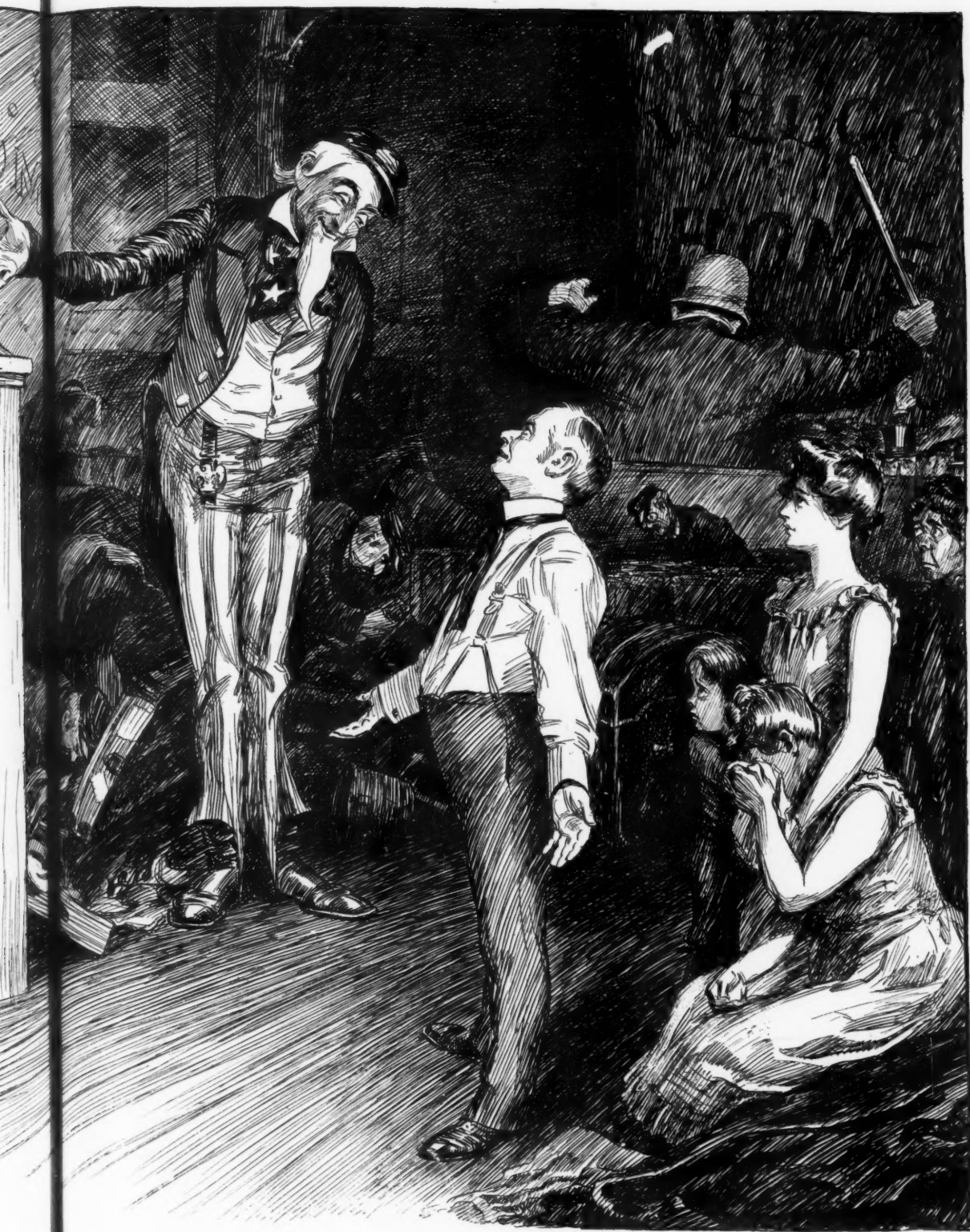


A COMBINATION TEA-CADDIE.

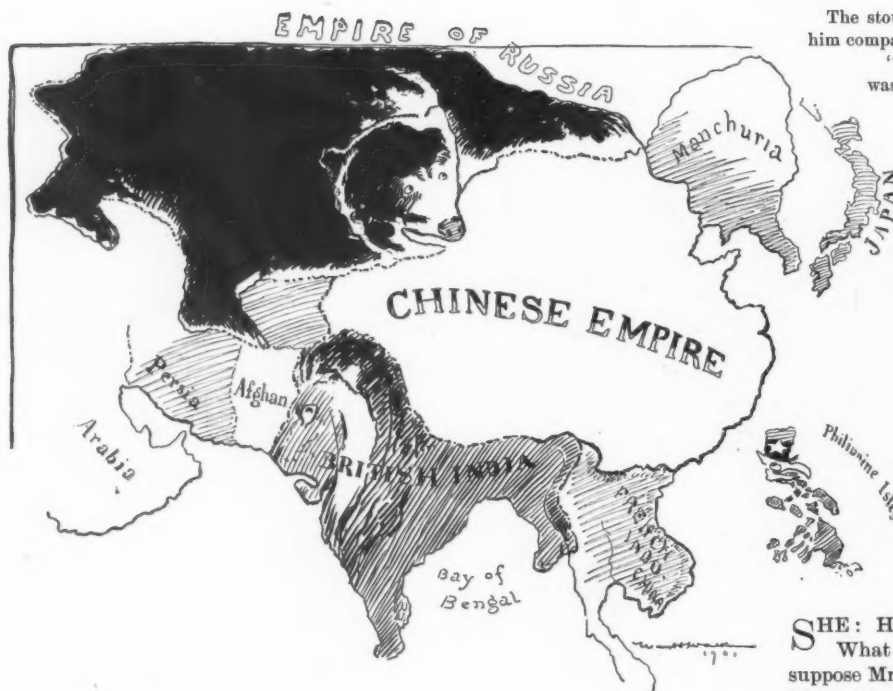


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PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY  
 Uncle Sam: I'M SORRY, MR. AMERICAN, BUT THESE INFANTS MEAN



ING THE RESPONSIBILITY.  
BUT THESE GENTLEMEN—MUST BE PROTECTED.



MAP OF THE ORIENT.  
Revised by LIFE for Up-to-Date Students.

The stout man he addressed gazed at him compassionately for a moment.

"You don't look as if your diet was doing you much good," he said, quietly.

"That, sir," replied the thin man, "is no argument at all. You were healthy to start with, and I wasn't. You'll go to pieces in a short time, and I'll live to be an old man, because I know the percentage of fruit salts the human system can stand."

"You'll live for years beyond your allotted time, will you?" said the stout man.

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then," said the stout man, as he rose and paid his check, "that only bears me out. It only shows what harm can be done to humanity by a fool diet."

#### After the Ball.

**SHE:** How nice to be home again! What a crowd there was. I don't suppose Mr. Bankier knew one-half of his guests.

**HE:** Didn't he, though! Why, he had four detectives in evening clothes there.

#### Proving His Case.

"**A**RE you aware, sir, what you are doing?"

The stout, florid-faced man in the restaurant, who was about to help himself to a generous portion of mince pie, looked up in astonishment at the nervous, thin, little individual opposite.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

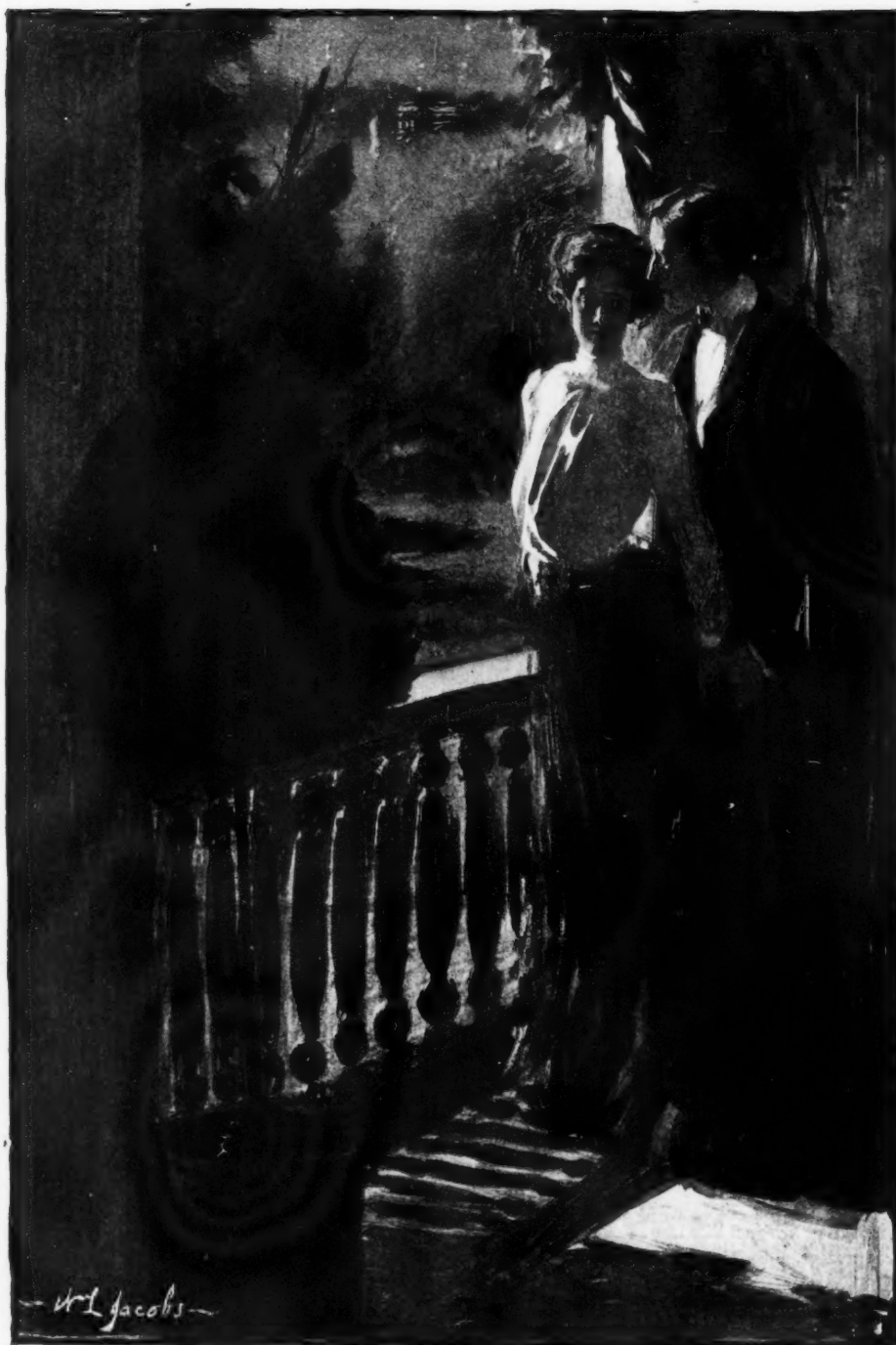
"I have been watching you," said the nervous man, "eating your dinner, and impelled as I am by a love of humanity, I cannot see you leave this table without a protest at the diet which you are killing yourself with. First, you had fish chowder. No protein but slight hydrocarbonates. Then you had corned beef and cabbage, containing fully eighty per cent. of deleterious matter. Then you had pie, with a mountain of sugar. Are you aware, sir, that this can only be digested by the duodenum? Think of it! You'll be a wreck in a few years."



"WHAT A FUSS THEY MAKE ABOUT IT, GRANDPA!"

"ABOUT WHAT, SALLY?"

"ABOUT DANIEL GOING INTO THE LIONS' DEN. I GUESS IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FIRST CIRCUS THEY EVER SAW."



NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT.

*She:* IT SEEMS SO STRANGE TO BE KISSED—BY *you!*

## Lochinvar.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR came out of the West,  
And built on Fifth Avenue. You know the rest.  
He'd an income of more than a million a minute,  
And, of course, he was presently socially in it.

## A FISH STORY.



## NOT UNUSUAL.

"A PROBLEM NOVEL? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?"  
"THERE ARE SEVERAL, BUT THE ONE THAT  
ARRESTS THE ATTENTION OF THE THOUGHTFUL  
READER IS, 'HOW IN THE WORLD DID THE AUTHOR  
EVER MANAGE TO GET A PUBLISHER?'"

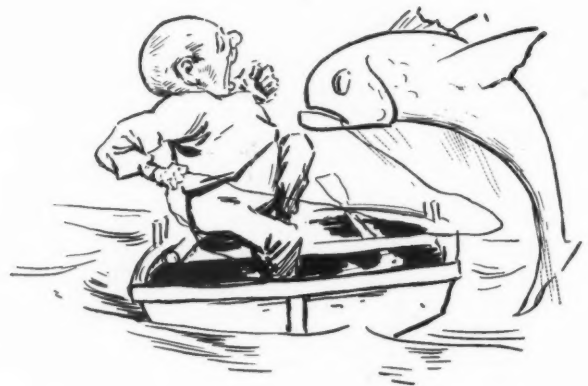
ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 7.—John Manning, of Asbury Park, was saved from drowning to-day by a St. Bernard dog owned by W. H. Smith, of Brooklyn. Mr. Manning was bathing at Ocean Grove and soon found himself being carried out to sea by the strong undertow. His screams for help were heard by hundreds on the beach.

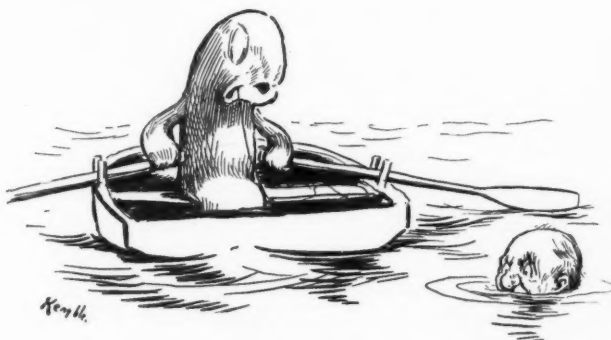
Smith's dog saw the predicament of the drowning man and swam toward him. The animal reached Manning as he was in an exhausted condition. He had strength enough left to throw his arms over the dog's neck. In this way he was dragged ashore, while thousands looked on and cheered.—*New York Sun*.

## GOOD dog!

And lots of dogs are just like him. And it so happens that dogs are preferred by vivisectors for "class demonstration." That means strapping them down to a table and cutting them up alive to make a lecture more interesting to medical students.

If this dog is ever vivisected, he will have a chance to realize more fully the moral superiority of man over dumb critters.





"NOW, GO HOME AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS THAT THE BIGGEST ONE YOU HOOKED GOT AWAY."

**DASHAWAY:** It seems so strange, among so many girls one meets, there are so few one cares to make his wife.

**CLENENTON:** Well, they can't all be born rich.

### A Big Card.

**C**OLONEL ROOSEVELT has been to Chicago, and the newspapers are saying all the things they usually say when Colonel Roosevelt goes anywhere. They attribute to him divers honorable aspirations to serve his country in important stations, and suggest that his presence in Chicago was a preliminary step towards getting those aspirations realized. So it may be. Who can tell? It is no secret that Colonel Roosevelt appeals strongly to the imagination of the Boundless West, and that a great many voters in that untrammelled region would rejoice to vote for him for any office in the gift of the American people. He can make the fortune of a county fair anywhere between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, and his presence doesn't disperse crowds even in the East. No doubt it will turn out that he was wound up before being put on the shelf, and will go steadily until he gets down again.

**I**F any of our readers have any idea that Science is lagging behind in these swift days of politics and trusts, they will be pleasantly reassured by reading the following list of subjects, from *Science*, treated by students who have obtained degrees from Johns Hopkins, Yale, University of Chicago, and Harvard. Also, the plutocrats who are giving away some of their millions for the endowment of our colleges, will take heart of grace:

Virgil Everett McCaskill: The Metamerism of Hirudo Medicinalis.

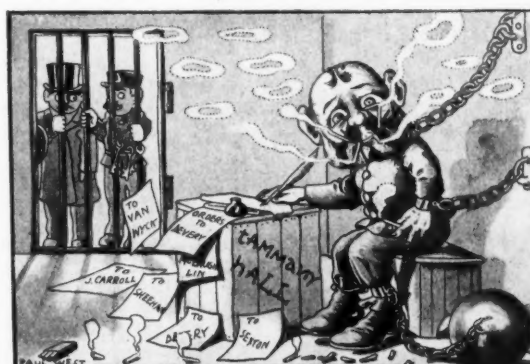
Edwin Bidwell Wilson: The Decomposition of the General Collineation in Space into Three Skew Reflections.

Victor John Chambers: A Further Investigation of the Action of Phenols and Alcohols on the Chlorides of Paranitroorthosulphobenzoic Acid.

Charles Montague Cooke, Jr.: The Hawaiian Hepaticae of the Tribe Trigonaetheae.

Ward Weaver Simmons: A Further Study of the so-called infusible Diamide of Parasulphobenzoic Acid.

Charles William McGowan Black: The Parametric Representation of the Neighborhood of a Singular Point of an Analytic Surface.



### DREADFUL FATE!

THERE ONCE WAS A FOOLISH YOUNG BROKER WHO WOULD BE A CIGARETTE SMOKER.

WELL, THEY GOT HIM AT LAST, AND THEY LOCKED HIM UP FAST, AND THE POOR CHAP IMAGINES HE'S CROKER.



THE members of the Athenæum Club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art, and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenæum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper.

"Where's my umbrella?" he demanded of the hall porter.

Search was made, and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall.

"My umbrella!" cried the admiral; "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?"

The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the admiral that it could not be found.

"What, sir—what, sir? Not to be found, sir? Why not, sir?"

"I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake."

"Taken it! Taken it!" roared the admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d—d bishops!"—*Argonaut.*

BROOKLYN WORKINGMAN'S WIFE (in 1901): What's happened, Danny?

HER HUSBAND (desperately): Well, I've been fired by J. P. Morgan, and there's nobody else in the world to work for!"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

THIS Alphabetical Advertisement appeared in the *London Times* in 1842:

To widowers and single gentlemen.—Wanted by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, &c. Address X. Y. Z., Simmonds' Library, Edgware-road.—*The Schoolmaster.*

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall Market. The clerk walked in front of him down the length of the market, announcing in loud tones:

"Make way, gentlemen, for the President of the United States! The President of the United States! Fellow-citizens, make room!"

The Chief had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when Mr. Rhodes turned round suddenly, and, finding himself alone, suddenly changed his tone, and exclaimed:

"My gracious, where has that darned idiot got to?"  
—*Argonaut.*

ONCE upon a Time a Constitution followed a Flag for a Considerable Distance, and a Humble Citizen gave it a great deal of attention.

He would neither be Convinced that the Constitution followed the Flag nor that the Flag took the Pace from the Constitution.

Sometimes he thought one way, then Again he Thought the Other, and still Again he did not know what he Thought.

After awhile the Tax Assessor came Around and Explained to the Humble Citizen that in Cases like This it was

Necessary to Pay for the Track whereon these Trials of Speed took Place.

Moral—The Humble Citizen can rest Assured that he is Marked for the Gate Money right Along.

—*Baltimore American.*

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of a Chicago paper:

Wanted—A girl for general housework; union or non-union; any old kind; family of three adults and three children with nurse, and occupy small house at Sheridan Park, two blocks from N. W. Elevated; nice, large, airy room, with southwest breeze for girl; no washing or much of anything else to do; our girl quit yesterday because we invited some relatives to help us celebrate the Fourth; next Fourth, if the girl demands it, we will disown our relatives and renounce our country; wages, five dollars.—*Exchange.*

HE was very young. To be precise, he was five years and seven months. As long as he could remember he had had to set aside a part of the moneys he received to educate the little children of China. He didn't love them as much as he should, or he would not have asked:

"Mother, they're killing all the Chinese children, aren't they?"

"Yes, isn't it dreadful? Are you not glad you are not a little Chinese boy?"

"Yes. But when they get them all killed, I won't have to send them any more of my money, will I?"

—*Evening Sun.*

A REALLY forgivable pun is one published by the Philadelphia *Ledger* when it ascribes the suicide of the diabolical governor of Shansi by swallowing gold leaf to "a consciousness of inward guilt."—*Exchange.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

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by time. Uniformity is its watch-  
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CREATURE."

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**Paddling**

**Canoe**



THE ILLICILLIWAET VALLEY.—CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Illicilliwaet Valley is a winding trough, which, fortunately for the projectors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, runs from the Columbia upwards to Rogers' Pass at the summit of the Selkirk Range. Here all that is grand and sublime in nature unites to make landscapes which are at the same time the delight and the despair of the painter. But if the brush cannot do justice to the wonderful panorama, what shall be said of the camera? How can the lens do justice to that marvelous display of color? Miles of dazzling snow fields; leagues of eternal blue ice; hundreds of square miles of gnarled and twisted pines; snowy torrent and grey rock—the mind of man never conceived so grand a landscape.


It was hard, grim work that the engineers had to face when they forced their way with transit and level through the Selkirk Range, but at last the determination and marvelous resourcefulness of Major Rogers conquered nature, and, twisting and turning like a huge python, the steel rails leave the Columbia a few miles below Donald, and wind along the valley of the Beaver, climbing higher and yet higher, until at length the straining engine pants no longer; for a few hundred yards the train rolls in a manner normal to trains, and then the whistle is sounded for the brakes and the locomotive slides down the banks of the Upper Illicilliwaet to Glacier House Station.

Here, at an elevation of over 4,000 feet, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has built a hotel which is so popular that it has been enlarged to twice its previous capacity a couple of times during the last ten years. Within a mile of the hotel is the tongue of a glacier which is larger than all the ice rivers of Switzerland combined. To the southeast Sir Donald's mighty mass rises a mile into the air. On the other side of the Illicilliwaet the great lonely chain known as the Hermit Range stands like a line of frowning fortresses, walling in the valley to the northward. Here, during the long, bright, summer days men come from far and wide to climb or simply to luxuriate, and in the early autumn the sinewy hunter makes it his headquarters, for near by are grizzlies, black bear, caribou and goat.

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"THERE were no actresses in Shakespeare's day," remarked the trite person.

"Well," answered the eminent emotional star, with a toss of her head, "there are mighty few of us now."

—*Washington Star*.

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"Smith and Huggs, Classical School for boys and girls. Smith teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."

—*Schoolmaster*.

"Is he what you would call a self-made man?" said one multimillionaire.

"I should say so," answered the other. "Why, I can remember when he had scarcely a million dollars to his name."—*Washington Star*.

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—*New York Weekly*.

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"I know you're the star," returned the girl, glancing at the slender proportions of the other and shrugging her plump shoulders, "but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor."—*Exchange*.

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